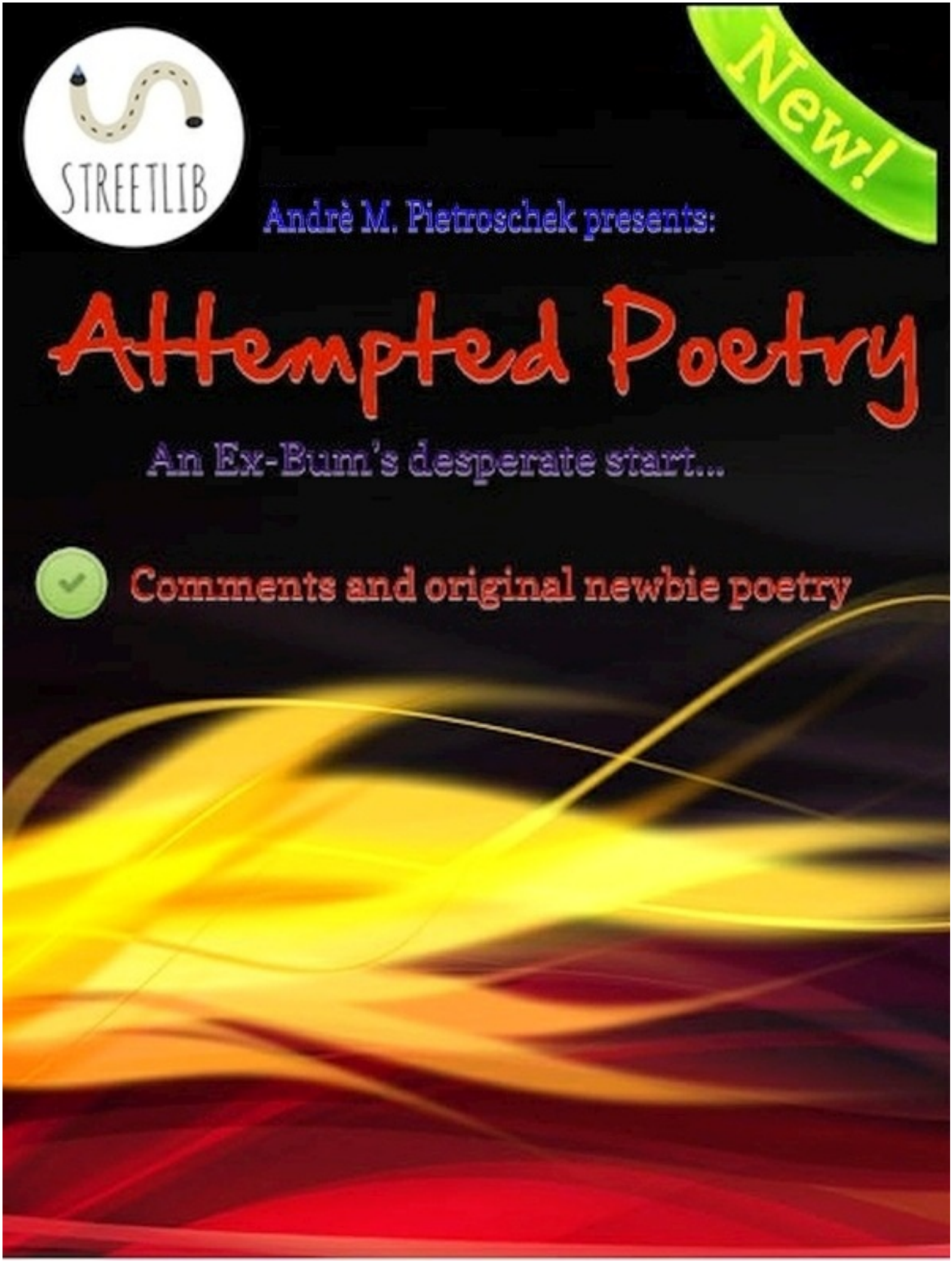
STREETLIB
New!
André M. Pietroschek presents:
Attempted Poetry
An Ex-Bum's desperate start...
Comments and original newbie poetry

ANDRÈ M. PIETROSCHEK

Attempted Poetry

UUID: 373ae090-9a2b-11e7-93f7-49fbd00dc2aa

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Preface And Introduction

Prosaic attempts I expected to fail miserably...

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For me 2015 began with becoming urban homeless. With the insight that even feeding from trashcans, and sleeping in filth while surrounded by criminals, still means you must expect the competition. I knew instantly that the All-Time-Low I called my life had to be restored. Sadly friends of me died, while I became good in performing the bureaucratically-controlled dance of demands which resulted in me renting a new apartment late in April 2015.

January the 1st in 2016 my life still lay in ruins, but I was back on the social fee and in my own room. Busy marketing this ebook, busy patching it, and felled by sickness or not: Busy looking for a regular job. Because even desperate measures are preferable to giving-up!

I apologize for the limitations and unpleasantness of format in an unknown-to-me publishing software. *Truth is I have to earn more money before I can pay the extended editor to use in these newer ebook formats of my chosen publisher. This is my first ebook for sale, I work to improve it, and I try repeatedly to learn how to do better.*

So now I am sitting here, before a second-hand 64bit Lenovo ThinkPad T400, which does not really do the thinking for me, and I even got some Windows 7 Professional purchased, registered, and installed. The Penguine aka PCLinux abandoned me even before I had to make it as a bum! I can't afford a real celebration, so I unleash some more of my prose unto the world. This leads to a warning I use since 2014:

I wrote this in Pietroschek Prose, not US-English, nor British English. Pietroschek Prose is some-

thing like unintentional, imbecilic-moronic violation of the two English versions to which it is often, and lets hope accidentally, compared to. ;-)

Recent Autobiographical Note I Wrote

Hello, my name is Andrè. On date of writing this I am a 42 year old German Skinhead. I've been a hobby-author & occult-dabbler for some decades by now. I have always been an outsider or pariah in my own way. Technically my prosaic way makes nearly all people (on occasion even my wife-to-be & myself) underestimate how much of a pro I tend to be for real. If I do something as an author or artist, then there is a 99% chance that it is part of some 'labeled-proper' way for authors and artists.

To clarify something certain people need: I am not a racist and only AntiSemite as far, as all Germans tend to be so (historical guilt or what), plus grew up with pretty many people from very different cultures and religions. Being a decently educated German of my age though I had family and neighbors who worshiped & served Adolf Hitler, when the original Nazi were still alive. I have streaks from both sides, and I wouldn't be honest, if i state too much enthusiasm for democracy as I had to endure it so far.

I have been a passionate Fantasy-Roleplayer for the most crucial years of my passed life. The state of being an Ex-Roleplayer now belongs to that in an abstract way - at least, if one asks me about it. New Years Eve 2014 to 2015 I had become a bum (urban homeless), spending my Winter sleeping outside in the urban city-center. I recovered and rent myself a new room in late April 2015, but that was overshadowed by one of the few loyal friends I had dying, and the second suffering a stroke brutally knocking her down. I have been a small-scale criminal for at least two decades of my life, and I was really never arrested, nor sentenced in any §-form. Sometimes that makes a twisted arrogance shine through, especially in social surroundings where I feel unwelcome or which I am only pretending to respect.

By now I can be both, a decently good man of the world who has lived thru much and achieved some wisdom & a fierce, unforgiving, and violent-prone bastard, when i am pissed-off. Both is me, and always has been. On TV I liked: Castle, Dexter, Game of Thrones, Sherlock, Those who kill (Danish & US versions), and Supernatural (early seasons). Books I read plenty, but outside of Satanism I noticed that I dislike indulging small-talk about them. I am a gluttonous person, bounce between workaholic and utterly lazy, and I never had it too easy with women, so some know me as the boring loser to ignore, others as quite a sexist macho. I like plenty of animals, and I am able enough to socialize, if I decide to try. In January 2015 I had decided to accept my Stalker's triumph and start a completely new chapter of my life. Continuing what & whom I cared about is part of this.

TOC - Table Of Content (Updated)

Don't steal & rob from a bum and play me the moralist!

Preface and Introduction

TOC

Witchhunter Poem

Vampire-Hunter Leona Poem

God, I have my own truth, too! Poem.

Old Man Poem aka 'In Retrospective'

Resume of the work process (author rant)

Training Poem 1 - Darkness & Doom

Training Poem 2 - Catferatu

Training Poem 3 - Happy Go Lucky

My true Love Poem

My early modern cinquain-phase

My early acrostic poetry

Contest Poems & the trouble they spawned remembered

Additions: Cinquain plus a Haiku or Myku done in the meanwhile

Bonus Content - Extended

Final experiment: A fantasy epitaph & a freestyle fantasy poem

Vampirehunter - Fates worse than certain death

More bonus content, revised due feedback!

Witchhunter for Witch's Wake NWN-Story by Rob Bartel

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On enjoying to play Witch’s Wake 1-The fields of battle
My crucial struggle is now surely lost
Even the winners can't cover the cost
My body is hurting as much as my soul
The night witch soon reaching her goal
Overwhelmed by stygian power and vice
I learned they are cruel, and cold as ice
I pledged my loyalty to our king in faith
Now death calls like a harrowing wraith
God could forgive me I doubt that god will
So my blood flows out while I lie here still
At Brogan's Tears I could not help but fail
The dwarves act as if this spot is the grail
The nighthag foretold me my life goes worse
Her prophecy to me was just a wicked curse
No longer my hurt body allows me to stand
my poor life as my poem is destined to end…

- Differences in meaning compared to the German version are purely due artful first aid. I am not really gifted in translating poetry, obviously.
- Rights for the poems (these files) remain with me, rights for the module and all components of the module remain with Rob Bartel and Bioware.
- Thanks for the song “White Witch” performed by the band Savatage.

Vampire-Hunter Leona, Revision 1.02 ↓

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On faith, love, and consequence...

My futile struggle now seems finally lost
As even the winners can't cover the cost

My body is hurting, as much, as my soul
The Clan Tzimisce soon reaching its goal

Overwhelmed by the savagepower of vice
I learned they are callous & colder as ice!

No more use of money, no armour of faith
So death calls me like a harrowing wraith

God could forgive but I doubt that god will
My husband sucked dry, while I lay low ill.

True love was the force that made me fail
yet fools claim this power to be their grail
The Malkavian foretold my life gets worse
her prophecies in truth just a dread curse!
No longer my hurt body allows me to stand
This poem, just as my life, is destined to end

Prayer Title: God, I have my own truth, too.

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[Form: Doublets aka Couplets full of Faithful Prose]
God, please lets talk about what "we" have done.
My sins of the past, and my new choice undone.
You've forced me back, unto a "Barabbas' path".
So my creed's: Commandments up your holy ass.
I had just wanted to live a life which pleases me.
Your own ten demands only ensure devils' uppity.
I wanted to be again what heaven eternally denies.
We both know, too, only one of us pays the price.
You ignored my prayers & robbed Baby from me.
I face thy war betrayed of any chance of victory.
God, you demanded what even God did not achieve.
F*ck rules, heed the advise of your remade Thief.
As atrocity triumphed no holy Savior dares to come.
Still you grant luxury & health to the worst of scum.
No unrepentant sinner could shatter my faith in you.
Yet oh holy dictator you achieved that, for it is true!
Academic science so-subtly fulfills the Nazi-Dream.
Perverted mockery of human society gone extreme.
Mortal Elitism, as new guilt makes vile Devils rejoice.
You abandoned us, yet blame us for each MF choice!
God, please enforce justice on this, your planet Earth.
Because Mankind's blind faith just made it much worse.
And if you, God, really hesitate until that judgment day.
Know, too, that by faith in God I've an evil God to slay!
Short before my departure from the modern human race
A poem's found, and oh rejoice, for it restored my faith.
In my weak moments an afar stranger carried my cross
I once more remember the good god, not the vile boss.
I cannot break my curse, and yes I will die like all before
Yet still true to our good god is the sacred oath I swore
And bro, thief's gratitude may come like a subtle spell
For if you fall just pray, so I'll steal your soul from hell.
amen

Old Man - in retrospective

(prosaic poem in doublets, once for a Contest)

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Many couples entranced in their bout of love and hate;
United by their own hormones' pseudo-decree of fate.
Crippled souls, compulsively whipped forth on and on.
No sense for precaution, until that fatal virus has won.
The Loneliness sucks and yes a relationship sucks, too.
Love won't force God to play butler for me, nor for you.
Any overdose of trust, blind faith, or even just wrath;
And before our next round starts the winner is Death!
Still love does grant strength, to go on with our life;
Compared to wisdom she is a more comforting wife.
I am old, sick, and abandoned now, yet looking back;
I feel Love, Joy, and Hatred in a heart once so black!
Poverty, envy, and sickness had banished me before.
Yet I lived love & hate before I reached Death's door.
The young ones storm forwards, to feel it themselves.
Keeping that spirit, like Gandalf kept it with the Elves.
Some lessons of my life felt like a kick below the belt.
Yet what is left of life, if one has thought, but not felt?
I've never asked, nor begged, God to be forgiven at all.
For I had to make my own choices and answer the Call.
We both know such sermon does not make us friends.
Yet now it's time that my crappy attempt of poetry ends!

Resume Of The Work-Process

Comment...

Manually inserting all those little files, enduring the mind raging against the once more utterly destroyed formats and line-lengths... My life had many adventures & ordeals. Some of my friends, just two decades too late, even realized that precisely that was my problem and downfall. Well, downfall or pride-fall, opinions vary on that part. I never turned back.

I named this file 'Attempted Poetry'. At this part of the work, on date of editing, I was tempted to name it 'Contextual Poetry', as that would proverbially pin-point my stronger aspect. Such was learned during the secret courses we authors do in absence of our readers. Strategic Marketing of sorts. Did never work for me.

It is Sunday. Second day of being comparably sick and exhausted. I didn't make it to the supermarket, and am angry about the extra-costs of buying Cola & Milk at the gasoline station or kiosk instead. Even though, to be fair, the prices here are much better than in the city-part I was coming from.

Training Poem 1 - Darkness & Doom

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When thirsty vampires awaken in darkest crypts
When our true friends are nowhere to be found
When even dread Cthulhu has that right eclipse
That's when we have greater Evil soon unbound

*

When precious science failed us one more time
When even consequence becomes a vile fiend
When zero police prevents that next best crime
That's when we know we must die unredeemed

*

When darkest revelations are becoming true
When the Devil spills blood in holy meadows
When we no longer know what we should do
That's when we're spellbound by the shadows

*

When the witches ride lusting for mortal blood
When the ghouls indulge their unholy gluttony
When all holy guidance remains misunderstood
That's when we see it's our own damned mutiny

- This training poem was done with a guide found at Wikihow. http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem
- It was created with help from http://rhymezone.com/

Training Poem 2 - Catferatu

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When under the moonlight icy winds blow cold
When horror lurks all around our warm house
When heart pounds, bones chill, we feel so old
Cause out prowls the cat, inside hides a mouse
*
When darkest legends are spooking us all anew
When each unholy nightmare's becoming so real
When no Abe vanHelsing comes with a job to do
Cause we have the dark wake of Catferatu to feel
*
When murderous claws bring our bloodiest demise
When we are trapped, as if inside a haunted house
When we've become forlorn and hunted little mice
Cause dark Catferatu hungers for each tasty mouse
*
When we see terror in our beloved families eyes
When terror whips us callously through the night
When nobody dares to make a stand for us mice
Cause against the Catferatu we mice cannot fight

- This training poem is done with a guide found at Wikihow. http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem
- It was created with help from http://rhymezone.com/

Cats & Mice really live with daily horrors we consider extraordinaire, if they happen merely once to ourselves. Human Ego is not without its problems, within each of us!

Training Poem 3 - Happy Go Lucky

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When your cashflow never ever ebbs at all
When sexy women raise their top on sight
When health surges at every back and call
That's when you walk on the brighter side
*
When all your critics are proven damn wrong
When fans are family, and not pestering fools
When for you that sacred chorus sings a song
That's when you are above the envious hools
*
When mind and heart still live it, as if truly one
When neither doubt nor greed blind your mind
When you feel peace not torment and have fun
That's when you know life dished it really kind
*
When you face death after a worthy and happy life
When even oblivion does no longer mean any doom
When you know paradise reunites you & your wife
That's when you have lived life as one blessed boom

This training poem is done with a guide found at Wikihow. http://www.wikihow.com/Write-a-Rhyming-Poem
Now comes another one written directly on a website. Since browsers have inbuilt auto-correction it can be decent.
Raw flow instead of meters, crudest rhymes, and perhaps I even form it into simpleton doublets, so I can rightfully & formally call it a poem.

My True Love

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She claimed, with fierce insistence, that she is my one and only love
Her mere existence made me doubt the sanity of our holy God above
That first gift she ever made me drove bone-shrapnel through my spine
To help me heal she clapped my back and claimed she'll be forever mine
She stalked me for my lifetime, destroyed all which I had ever held dear
I am too old to break the stranglehold, and anguished too much to fear
Abusive beyond redemption, the madly sick urge that she calls her love
She helps all who torment me to stay safely established, so high above
Such decades of Bedlam's injustice have taught & changed me quite a lot
If age wouldn't undo me I could soon kill all, except our useless, holy god
Each day anew I face my ruined life, for my only true saint is really there;
A shadow-self I melted with, so I'll kill all who demand that I should care!

Contextually I saw a remake of Stephen King's classic 'Misery' in 'Family Guy'
& hoped that a twist inspired by occultism would entertain and inspire a little bit.

Catherine
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Catherine
Befouled Princess
Loves' feminine nemesis
Selfish lust spoiling Love
Hypocrisy

Middleearth
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Middleearth
Paradise Defiled
Ringwar taking toll
Free folks arise anew
Fortitude

Desolation
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Desolation
Painful state
Word rarely used
No easy way out
Harrowing

Verwüstung (Desolation in German)
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Verwüstung
Schmerzlicher Zustand
Selten genutztes Wort
Kein einfacher Weg raus
Heimsuchung

Warlock
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Warlock

Witchborn Son
Doubting Gods' Dictum
Grim Resolve versus Consequence
Diabolical

My first 'Vampire - The Masquerade Bloodlines' Cinquain
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ENGLISH:
Bloodlines
Sarcophagus Charade
Strangleholds of Deception
Infiltrating, Hacking, Bloodsucking, Shooting
Linearity

GERMAN Bloodlines Cinquain:
Mein erstes 'Vampire - Die Maskerade Blutlinien' Cinquain
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Blutlinien
Sarkophag Hysterie
Würgegriff der Hirngespinste
Infiltrieren, Hacken, Blutsaugen, Erschießen
Linearität

ITALIANO Bloodlines Cinquain:

Il mio primo 'Vampire - the Masquerade Bloodlines' Cinquain
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Bloodlines
Sarcofago Farsa
Aggredirmi di inganno
Si infiltra, Hacking, vampirismo, riprese
Linearità

Underdark (D&D-Forgotten Realms)
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Underdark
Subterranean Home
Accused, Besieged, Unconquered
Beloved Realm, homesickly missed
Otherworldly

Webgangsta

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Webgangsta
Jolly Huntingspider
Calmly facing Death
Living the indomitable lifestyle
Spiderkin

Poetry

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Poetry

Forlorn Muse

Victimized by Capitalism

Still Indomitable and Free

Versecraft

My Early Acrostic Poetry...

My early acrostic phase of poetry

Again beginning with the simple hint I had at start: Acrostic Poetry is where the first letter of each line spells a word, usually using the same words as in the title.

Catherine (acrostic poem)

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Charming my feelings back out of their grave
Alluring woman who makes me try and behave
The Impossible come-true, and to remain good
Hell no more threat than a bad joke in the hood
Enticing me to dare loving and beeping again
Rarest kind of feelings, first mutual here then
I mourn every moment I can't hold you close
No trauma reducing me to mere sexual prose
Ending it here now to touch you once more...

Cthulhu - My Acrostic Testimony

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C - for Chanting his true name and sharing his dreams from R'yleigh!
T - for Testifying what even the greatest minds didn't dare to realize.
H - for Horrors on the cosmic scale encroaching unto our humanity.
U - for Us who embrace the perilous, obscure path they call madness.
L - for Lusting after the forms of satisfaction no vagina could provide!
H - for Haunted, hated, and hunted, or the normalcy we left behind?
U - for Unquestioning faith in our holy tentacled messiah and his call!

Demonology

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Damnation is the pathways price
Entities, hellbent and full of vice
Meddle in lores forbidden and foul
Onwards with no regard for your soul
Natural law will soon be undone
Old hellspawn having wicked fun
Lust spoiling every true-born love
Onslaught against the Lord above
Good can be violated, raped, and killed
Your own pyre, step by step, it is built

Fallen Angel (Group Contest Poem)

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F.. Fallen not felled, and with dignity beheld

A.. Angelic by your own doing not god's hand

L.. Lucifer's envy, felt as you walk the Earth

L.. Life & Land you've freed from their curse

E.. Enigmatic, and wondrous, to visit us here

N.. No, God! No need for regret, anger or fear

A.. Alluring female, gorgeous, smart, and wise

N.. Nuns pledge faith to you to reach paradise

G.. Gentle and great how you inspire us fools

E.. Enmity lurking at envious Devil's command

L.. Leaving us to return to a salvation at hand

Magick & Aiwass

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M = Meaningless hogwash hyped & unleashed by Crowley the Pervert

A = Antiquated spiritual-suicide disguised as occult revelation shared

G = Gutterpunks outmatching the ceremonial high, or each ritual-lie

I = Incestuous people, so proudly entranced in homo-erotic celebrity

C = Chanting of how posture, fraud and cheating empowers their selves

K = Keen frauds and delusional drug-crazed, occult's orcs versus elves

A = Abusing the longing of being a chosen, meaningful mortal one

I = Indoctrinated by an alien, sick, weird voice within the own head

W = Waylaid by psychosis, pranks or demonic possession, hell's fun

A = Adversary-Pawn or Deluded Fool, mostly still best left for dead

S = Supremacy due Compliance, here false promise lures egomania

S = Sinister triumph by cheap tricks, words, and sick psychomachia

Pridefall (Acrostic Poetry)

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P... Psionic species infested by ignorance & insecurity
R... Ruptured due science they consider gifts insanity
I... Insurance to pay and worry about the next mortgage
D... Devilish routine, as it puts our worthiest into a cage
E... Envy & Enmity, once unholy whores, now win awards
F... False smile and fake music replaced our true bards
A... Avenging the crime is like forgivance, sadly in vain
L... Lust and greed sacrificed our future busy with gain
L... Lust & Greed sacrificed mankind on the altar of pain!

Shadowrun (Acrostic Poem)

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S.. Snatching the Job's from Mr. Johnson again

H.. Heroes & Hitmen all working for the NuYen

A.. Adventurous lifestyles for the modern Adult

D.. Down and out, if you have no team to consult

O.. Organized talents, for every job ever needed

W.. Wetjobs OK, if you need 'em nasties bleeded

R.. Racism undone by the 6th world's way of life

U.. Under fire we prosper & for NuYen we strive

N.. Now we have the streets of Seattle to survive

Satanism 2015

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S.. Still I am so occult-crazed and with defiant smile on my face

A.. Already dying, but still sick of religion and God's shitty grace

T.. Training my self, so intent to make it through one more night

A.. A mainstream of ignorance to mock our independence & right

N.. No chance for any salvation, no need for an afterlife just as well

I.. I think that upward-faith is even less sacred than conceptual hell

S.. Slain by God, for Johnny Cash once sang it so damn pretty fine

M.. Meritocracy fuck-off, as your hubris breeds even dumber kine

2.. 2 the high priestess which taught me why to shun easy inner ways

0.. 0 the exact number of authors who ever admitted how each pays

1.. 1 the Magician which we so frantically wanted to embody or become

5.. 5 A Hierophant preaching instead of daring to live, unmasked scum

Unforgiving - Beloved Nemesis

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U - Used to the false promises and masked abuses you tell

N - Not being too eager to call it love, your psychiatric hell

F - Forlorn, for once I've believed in you upright & willingly

O - Overwhelmed by hell, since due you God abandoned me

R - Regretful, as in moments so rare, we both did nobly dare

G - Gay-Fiendish, a remnant-shadow of my former self, beware

I - Isolated, and scarred, from the blood-crime and dire sin

V - Violated by knowing God's treason ensured I won't win

I - Infuriated by being forced to live on until I'll finally die

N - Not sure, if that was love, or someones lunatic, mad lie

G - Good it hurts me and you, as life has 2 freaks to undo

Valerie, 2015 revision

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V - Vengeance long mutual, we will both strike to cripple & kill

A - Anguish overcome, for bloodlust pushes me on to the thrill

L - Lies long unmasked, for with no true start there's no end

E - Enmity breaking the devil's circle of another fake friend

R - Revenge from Bedlam's agents, to me it is really not new

I - Inwardly though I did wish that our friendship could be true

E - Ending the final deception to face my life or death anew

Contest-Poems – Useless, time-wasting, friend-disappointing

"Dysphoria"

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Dysphoria
Why, why won't drug-highs last forevermore?
Tonight, again psychiatry has an open door…
No, don't ever stop doing that detox you do.
Indeed, I am once more a crazed bitch to you
Dysphoria
Forever, 'till consequence demands its toll
For now, I hide my wrecked state with a LOL
We can't shut up-up-up-up-up-up-up
Dysphoria
A synapse carnival big bad mess
Once more abuse of Crystal Meth
We can't shut up-up-up-up-up-up-up
Dysphoria
We all are here, a new generation sacrificed for politics
We are free, to celebrate our suicide with the sexy chics
Lifelong together, we form the unwashed mob of scum
We're high, but know junkies've no true kingdom come
Dysphoria
Lifelong, I blame you for the strength to live in solitude
For I ain't abusive, I am just another far-gone prostitute
We can't shut up-up-up-up-up-up-up
Dysphoria
A dark twin, wickedly twisted from glamorous euphoria
A stalker from Bedlam, not the holy 'deus ex machina'
We messed it up-up-up-so-up-up-up
Dysphoria
Lifelong, we prowl the night as drug-crazed fiends
Deluded, desperately pretending we're still friends
Dysphoria, oh, dysphoria
We fucked it up-up-up-so-up-up-up

Inspired by: http://allpoetry.com/poem/11664864-dysphoria-by-catbean-noguest

Form inspired by: Euphoria song lyrics as performed by Loreen. Each stanza gets "Dysphoria" as headline, below that it has the following number of contextual lines 4-3-3-4-3-3-2 plus a final two line resume. Calling Dysphoria like a dark goddess was my personal whim.
Context inspired by: Mourning the lost friends, schoolmates, girlfriends and neighbors, onwards from my childhood in the 70's of last century (heroine & trips), from disco-fever to the cocaine craze of the early 90's and that Crystal Meth wrecking up so much faster...
"But what does 'dysphoria' mean? http://www.thefreedictionary.com/dysphoria
Because I found it important that readers worldwide can access the same definitions which I used to create the poem. May not be high-art, but entire generations know people lost due drugs, some even how tough it was to recover from the own 'rebellious youth' stereotype.

Abyss and other wasted chances (Contest Poem for a friend)
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Shamanic War Council was my choice of terms for a while,
stopping humanity which knew only to take, rape & defile
In Defense of Mankind I warn you once again pretty clear
If you'll misjudge just some it'll end worse than that here
Few arose themselves above madness, and few care at all
Maybe such is needed for all Mankind, a proper & final fall
Not a species beside us who would not know we are fiends
Greedy we defiled, back-stabbed, or betrayed our friends
Let the animals know that it was our great guilt and shame
We were monsters, not like nature's killers one could tame
In defense of mankind kill the good ones gently & real quick
And torture the vile ones, so wickedly sick ends among sick!

Sharky - "Some like it raw!"
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I feared your dark rise from Leviathan's Deep -
Your wild moves disturbed my humble sleep.
In such dread I stared at your predatory form -
As for me you simply crushed the ruling norm.
My mind was drawn into the deep you prowl -
Bestial Devourer, Significant of the own Soul.
Once, long ago, hunting you became my test -
Great savage onslaught which I had to wrest!
Now that I look upon your fallen, lifeless form -
bloody on asphalt, still a sacred, silent storm!
Your cruel Death my failure, as by now I know -

Without you this life has just Hell left to go to.
Routine drains us all and by now it is so clear -
I killed a true friend, blinded by my pain & fear.
Hence I must be strong & now I must strike true -
For: Now I must be me and the very best of you!

My life without you - A funeral in ruins
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Free-Form, for now sabotaged by memories of mourning

Everything has changed a bleak way!
There are moments every single day,
within which I think of you, oh dear.

Those sad recurrent moments of truth,
whenever I now miss your good advice.
More tears now running down my eyes.
So many sad moments and situations,
I would prefer still shared with you.

But no sorrow and no prayer spoken
that could miraculously undo Death.

Where I once felt our friendship
there is now only anguished mess.

For lifelong you've been by my side!
For lifelong we had faced every fight!
For lifelong we'd surpassed any trial!

Now there's just pain left, and denial!
Farewell my friend whom Death reaped first.

Game of Thrones - Crude poem of a Greyjoy vassal
Intro: " Winter is here, said the gluttonous white walker during the last eclipse -
hence your iron-throne kingdoms shall get their own zombie-apocalypse!"
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Poem:
The iron islands breed a tough folk and many pirate crews
Still to survive we have to be reckless when trouble brews

#

Rapacious our blood-lust, for which many of us are feared
Our way a pirate-pilgrimage, for the Drowned God steered

#

House Reaver shunned no Duty, no shame, and no regrets
I have sired my own children and got into noble ladies' beds

#

The golden kingdoms scorn us, with blades and wicked lies
For we do not fall prey to glamour, as we pay the iron price

#

Dreaming that a Kraken guides me and Sharks salute me, too
My Faith in our Drowned God it was damn always proven true

#

Power, Looting, and Feasting, oh joy, i loved that all the way
Maybe I cannot return, still i really enjoyed my precious stay

#

I had loyal Captain's, and gathered many fine sworn swords
If you dare it, like I did, you live and die like highborn lords

#

From mate to real reaver, lord of my own banner and house
The iron way is often bloody, so I never asked any applause

#

My daughter came of age, & she straight shanked her old lord
Her cutlass in my guts, as she smiled & kicked me over-board

#

Spontaneous Remake © Andrè M. Pietroschek, inspired by
Game of Thrones - Ascent https://www.disruptorbeam.com/games/game-of-thrones
& my favorite Greyjoy Wallpaper at Deviant Art by Tapion32
http://tapion32.deviantart.com/art/We-do-not-sow-330950486

Additions Due Learning From Fellow Poets!

Cinquain & a handful of proper Myku & Haiku

Game-Nerd Cinquain done in the meanwhile

Witchers

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Witchers
Monster Banes
White Wolf's Companions
Facing whatever is dreaded
Wardens

Witcher

© Andrè M. Pietroschek, all rights reserved
Witcher
Silver & Steel
Wandering the Lands
Fighting, protecting, loving & gambling
Paragon

Werewolves

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Werewolves
Moonlit Berserker
Slaughtering their prey
Howling under the Moon
Furious

Dark-Emo Cinquain

That one was, when I started to recover from the physical enervation of my first urban homeless winter ordeal PLUS the emotional aftershock of another wanted relationship with a woman gone awry. OK, maybe it has to do with having forgotten to write it into the Cinquain part above, too. ;-)

Anguish

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Anguish
Felled Angel
Scourge of Egomania
And painful price paid
Enduring

In my first, cost-free, occult-ebook I promised not to copy-in page-fillers like Enochian Keys, or Rituals every website mentions anyway. Same here. My personal best-of mix on attempted poetry is nearly done. I left out some poetry I dislike, and I lost some backups of poetry I wanted to add in the meanwhile... My life is like that.

So lets enjoy the final piece of poetry. Due copyright I cannot link to the one it was actually a reply to. It is not needed, but contextually I want you to know that this is the yin to a yang, the balance of darkness to a delusional and naive shiny white light sermon.

Inverted Pentagram Myku

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Hellborn mind infesting,
Egomania's vengeance,
Spellbound to violation!

Inverted Pentagram Haiku (checked)

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Hellborn mind assails,
Egomania's vengeance,
No good left alive!

Bonus-Content

Because I respect my readers, but I feel it is ready for sale now!

Some day, befuddled by nostalgia, I remembered the youth-time moving of tin miniatures for what is now known as 'Warhammer Fantasy Battle System, 1st Edition'. But due a whim long forgotten I insisted on remixing that into a Weird-Wild-West setting. **Had to do with some of John Wayne's proverbs, the fact that fantasy species look shrill outside their native setting, and the fact that I never expected to be forced to publish any of it under my real name...**

The first one is most simple, human lawkeepers against human criminals. Just that I took-up the Viking attitude instead of the Feudal one within it. ;-)

1st - Norse aka Wild West Vikings

Son, one Night in Odin's Belch, down in good ole Texas
Our good Sheriff Thorson prepared to make a stand

He would soon die fightin' with a weapon in his hand
Blue eyes'sight grimly set on the arrivin' outlaw band

His deputies aside him, its them three against the odds
Unafraid of their Death they don't even dodge the shots

The outlaws look upon them, false pride upon true grit
More than one damn outlaw panty fillin' with warm shit

Rifles and sixguns started blazing, Death came as hot lead
Em three who stood for duty killed a dozen with godspeed

When everything went to silent and 'em Valkyries arrived
Them settlers, proudly, ensured that nobody had survived

Skaven (Ratmen)

Loadin' Warpstone bullets Sheriff Vermyn awaits the gang
Hornless, dwarven drunkards with Steamguns for da bang!

Workers'n'settlers hide in panic, as the west entry tunnel fills
Dread bearded beasts indeed came down here from their hills.

Four did invade the Saloon, like addicts to their craved fix
Our Sheriff Vermyn intends to send 'em down a River Styx

Darn horny drunkard punk lay hands on harlots' silken fur
Em all had it coming, so clear what was now next to occur

Saloon Doors kicked open, Warpstone bullets deliver death
Of four bearded fuck-ups not one could face Vermyns' wrath

So Victory Squeaks arise, the Sheriff felled the horrid beasts
No miracle that on such a night the whole town gladly feasts!

Totemic Orcs

So Chief Sagebrush had send Gardush to Spirit's End
The Shaman, Gardush, was to become a Spirit-Friend

White Hand Tribe of Red Orcs was threatened to Death
By an army of riders bringing settlers to the weird West

Gardush wore sacred gear, rattle and tomahawk in hands
Come on out ye coward spirits, or we'll never be friends!

And strong Manitoba had heard him, as soon was clear to see
The dark elder specter promised to set all who die fighting free

So Gardush learned the warpath knows only gruesome ends
But those who fight with courage will for eternity meet friends

Gardush returned to the tribe sharing the spirit's decisive news
Don't ask where to flee, but what weapons you should choose

The tribe came down on Fort Knightly in that same night
Only Death an option even wives and kids braved to fight

Dark Elves

Herder Mordhuil was a hard and pious kinda seafaring man
Sworn to deliver homewards as many slave-herds as he can

His bunch had been hard workin' they gathered all they could
120 slaves planned to be, but nature selected how many would

The sacred Confederacy was fighting the overwhelming odds
And still the rebel songs sounded even louder than their shots!

From the swamps of Louisiana Mordhuil had once appeared
A knife-eared man of duty who was respected and well-feared

The Crimson Corsair was a symbol of the fierce Rebel Pride
Slaves gasped in awe, as the armored steamship came into sight

That bedeviled Union would make all good come to a final End
Millions free, but meaningless, work-drones damned, if foe or friend

But God in his dark wisdom has allowed them to prove worth
Die to earn yer paradise, or submit to be living shame on Earth!

Amazons

Conquistador false oaths not forgotten, thru Mexico they ride
Clear sight on their future, if the vile Union gains more might

Gorgeous'n'deadly riders their battalion joins the losing war
Da right cause is 'em only option, as on 'em honor they swore

Slann masters in their wisdom had tempered with their blood
Twin sisters they create to help thwarting the blue Union flood

On ships of wood and iron they skirmish up to their last breath
For all of 'em da one man who touches 'em unpunished is Death

Opposing Union Demons and steam cannons cooking 'em alive
By each blade and bow, oh with what conviction they did strive

With ever-thinning ranks the tide of war does take its bloody toll
Still to the moment of their death with high spirit did they stroll

Sisterhood and Rebel Pride know they will never see their victory day
Still shining their example of godsworn sacrifice char-gin' into da fray!

Wood Elves

Freedom from all oppression, a law governing each equal for 'em all
High ideal or false promise them wood elves heeded

the human call!

Priests, medics, and rangers taking up the uniforms of Union Blue
So sad for the deluded Confederacy they now must bloodily undo

Old Grey clashes with Modern Blue, both fighting for their highest goal
Each major battle brave soldiers meet like swine and bull in a butcher's bowl

Their unit stands among trees in silence, as at their generals command
On dark elves & Amazons they've arrows to lose from each snipers hand

Earth Mother drinks much blood these days, but tears fill all their eyes
For no forest-born child ever rejoices, when any true believer bravely dies

Slavery their sin and crime in one, a second trail of tears, law enforcement done
Elf fights Elf, Brother kills Brother, as Sister kills Sister by blade, bow, or gun

Sacred Isha we've many wounds to heal, as too many fallen left to mourn,
Oh celestial Lords, Kurnous & Loec, in what a cruel world we were born

Chaos Beastmen

The hunters stopped coming, as Grey and Blue did go to War

It turned out a major banquet, as each day we raided even more

Khulgar swore Khorne had blessed us, as bloody battle never stopped
We had faith, when upon the Grey or Blue, from ambush we hopped!

Bashing, tearing, clawing for the delicious mystery meat the foe provides
All frenzy and joy, as surely great Khorne to glutton's paradise us guides

From our caves or captured forts we went on each new frenzied killing spree
Villages, towns, entire counties left unguarded, Grey & Blue nowhere to see

Our whelps each smiling at us, skull-totem-poles they build in pious pride
Never again we will doubt that there is blessing in Khornes' good might

Our best females all with bellies swelling, as our hordes can afford to grow
No matter how Khorne split 'em into Grey and Blue to him we gladly bow

Dwarfs

The new mine yields gold'n'iron, but the price is paid in lives
Each tunnel-warden knows that not much longer one survives

Graybeard patrols on duty, lantern and sawed-off shot-gun in hand
Vile god Tzeentch ensured the blood-toll for da riches to defend!

With every chaos mutant onslaught new gore decorates each wall
Foul Nurgle, wickedly helpful, ensures we don't enjoy 'em to fall

Graybeard now shows a youngster how blows can make monsters cease
and as by now is needed how to avoid catching each god-send disease

Hardest work and fiercest fighting have ever been the dwarven way
Best workers, smiths'n'soldiers, but “drunks” is all most fellows say

Graybeard has just reloaded, and with lantern one sees, but can't shield
So smack the mutant with the barrel, then shoot head to win the field

The young one is still shaky, but stalwart by his side to turn the tide
Graybeard honors the valor, as on and on they parry, shoot, and fight

Pinkertons' Way

Work-shunning and white collar the underpaid fellow in tweed
One in a legion who get away, for with the town major 'em feed

So the snobs go sleuth on yer smart villains ever greedy for da green
Apache and Comanche say no greater wanna-be-penguins they've seen

Still with their educated standards 'em tend to solve a lot o' subtle crimes
And, as funny, as 'em look, they are da darn best detectives o' their times!

So if ye ain't hollow-headed, and want yer own family earn any decent pay
Go apply, get yer darn costume, and solve each crime the Pinkerton Way

Outwitting da embezzlers, 'em forgers and counterfeiters, for da green'n'law
Their is a righteous streak to that future need big Chief Pinkerton foresaw

Em rigid and 'em royal, each faith-day, see da Pinkerton's kneel to Verena
So have yer opinion, son, but know 'em penguins made da law much keener

Undead

Forced out of black slumber by forbidden words from tomes or priests
Again trapped in torment we vengefully slaughter and feed like beasts

Them Hungry Dead 'em called us, but we come in many different breeds

Sometimes it's adaptation, sometimes it's a reflection of our sinful deeds

Our gluttons live in crypts, and they love to hunt their prey in ravenous packs
Bloodlust, hunger, diseased claws, and paralyzing saliva empower ghoul attacks

Bones rattling at night, on most graveyards the fierce skeleton infantry awakes
Once freed from flesh and tissue one has a grim look unto causes and great sakes

Stench, shock, and the ever-hungry brutal bite that is in what zombies delight
True Nitemare of townsfolk, when from the Fallen they arise as unholy blight

Oh Yuppie beyond 'em ranks of rabble there are 'em who even went to school
Smart Necromancer and the Vampire undo almost any kind of mortal Fool

Da realm of the dead awaits ye all, and we returned to say'n'show it ever true
But at times a grimoire-born return, or vengeance, is a darn jolly thing to do!

Four rode against Nurgle

Four-Hoofed angels darn-well chargin' through da black of night
Upon their backs two doctors who know 'gainst Nurgle 'em ride!

Foul chaos god was tempted, or maybe lured by darn catholic wrath

As he invoked disease t'cum an'plague every Sodomites cursed path

But no urge'n'no darn religion made 'em two dare such gambit at night
Em were husband'n' wife, both knowing modern science on their side!

Few hours time of incubation was left by yer well-learned higher math
If not getting syringed a chaos mutant would claw itself outta each ath

Shallya 'n' Hyppokrates looked upon 'em faithful, with kind'n'holy eyes
Four heroes rode to ensure that due medicine no darn townsfolk dies

Dodge City far behind 'em, hearts-pound due exert, as da seconds count
Sweat pours, breath's drawn hard, a ride tough for da horses 'em mount

The bell-tower alerts folks, as two Doctors risked it all to make a stand
The few survivors tellin' tales about 'em saintly, and the healing hand!

Mostly Work-Notes of the Weird Wild West Nostalgia
Song Lyrics for the Context:

Outlaw by Man'O'War
Cowboy Dreams by Jimmy Nails
Ghost Riders in the Sky performed by Johnny Cash
El Dorado Movie Theme – John Wayne got a good one here!
Last Rebel by the Tattooed Bagpipers at youtube dot

com

Films aka Movies I once liked:

1. The Last Outlaw - Goldie with Mickey Rourke
2. Tombstone - Val Kilmer performing darkly-splendid!
3. Nevada Pass - Goldie with Charles Bronson
4. The Shootist, as John Wayne gave it a very mature weariness&death-wish.
5. Young Guns, as once I shared the naive idealism of the youthful spirit.
6. Westworld. Yul Brynner really influenced my life, and made me shriek.
7. Once upon a time in the West. Henry Fonda and Charles Bronson gave greatness to it.

Boardgame
http://www.flyingfrog.net/shadowsofbrimstone/

Another one I learned to like contextually, due the historical truth it holds about the Germany I live in, is:

Final Experiment: A Fantasy Epitaph & A Freestyle Fantasy Prose

The roleplaying side of the Force was wrong in me? ;-)

A Half-Orc Bard's Epitaph

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*

Inspired by Robert Burns and Dungeons & Dragons

Concept: Attempted Epitaph

*

Is there another whimsy, Elven fool,
Hellbent on insisting to solemnly rule,
Or subtly hate, and quite lazily drool,
Let him draw blood;
Dear audience may throw a stool,
To stop my muse's flood.

*

Oh fellow bards of crudest poetry,
Who you inspire and seduce the Shy,
This lament is for all to see,
Don't heedlessly pass by!
But, as last honor, with dignity,
Here, wave goodbye.

*

Is there a man, whose heart is free
Who inspires us how life is to steer,
Trapped, himself, in life's monetary decree,
Remember this and have a beer!
For the pleasure he gave,
Please honor this grave.

*

The mourned inhabitant, buried below,
Was quick to fight, no craven shame,
And keenly faced the friendly blow,
Due to his softer frame;
Our too martial follies laid him low,
And robbed his chance for fame!

*

A Thorwalson braves Spookwood

(Fan poem about 'The Dark Eye' roleplaying)

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His loving wife could not accompany him on the quest,
she had to guard their home from any unwelcome guest.
Still the dread legend of the Spookwood was his path,
for no ghostly forest should teach Swafnir the 'math'!

*

Armed with battleaxe and shield he ventures forth,
facing the horror of the night in the frozen North.
Because no horror of our sacred fatherland Thorwal,
could send more folk than cowardice itself to hell.

*

Damp fog suddenly arises, as if by dragon's breath,
the brain assailed by raptures of dread and death.
Still unshaken the bold son of Thorwal marches on,
for a loud werewolf's howl offers a duel to be won.

*

Berserk robber or moonlight skald it will be known,
unveiling a truth by combat as it'll be soon shown.
The frosty fey, she witnesses like worried wives,
as Norse and werewolf foolishly risk their lives.

*

Indeed the Thorwalson overcame that raging beast,
a close call, leaving the carcass as crow's feast.
Now the ice fey nears, enthralled by her curiosity,
'Behave, ghost lady, I rest and bleed as courtesy.

*

Her lethal kiss, she thinks it merely Rahja's gift,
but Norse choice of duty before death comes swift.
To banish this ethereal visitor it needs a shake,
mixed from salt and warding oil of the mandrake!

*

The witch observes it with a smirk, this man's way,
for this night it is not the time to curse or slay!
'I spare your life, if you'll swear to me this night,
you won't return here until it is by divine right.'

*

A man of honor the Thorwalson proudly takes his leave,
the witch watches him, then retreats stealthy like a thief.
Returning home he sees his armed wife as she had sworn,
That long night, dear child, we ensured you will be born!

Vampirehunter - Fates worse than Death; Variant 3
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Enervating city-life clad in pseudo-occult symbolism...

At night streets of every city have become hunting grounds of sorts
For the camouflaged vampires only let us live as prey for their sports

From old, Carpathian nobility to deceptively modern elite-universities
Fangs, thirsty for blood, clawing us down due our dark dependencies

'Oh that just has to be symbolic, oh my God, or they do not even exist'
Craven smartmouthing, while another needed person dreads to resist

Still plenty of us, daringly, decided to bring the monsters to the stake
While faith and science waste time accusing each other to be a fake

Mortals can't debate-away poverty, nor can one simply shoot it dead
Demon Drink, too, is a fierce fiend, so the lost souls enjoy it instead

Wrath, born from an injustice faced, or loyalty to our ancestral line
We've sacrificed normalcy, to become avengers of undeserving kine

Nocturnal cold-war best unmentioned, we're sure just deluded fools
Withering, trapped in dutiful routine, as we played by their evil rules

And in this weird line of duty there is a dark truth we all risk to find
If vampires can't kill us they turn us into their own, bloodbound kind

So, like a knight during holy vigil, I focus my strength & fortitude anew
To remember whom I shielded why, and what far-gone monsters I slew

If I'm not slain, nor brutally converted, then I keep it going on and on
This is like maintenance, not just a movie war which can be easily won

A part-time vigilante, worried father, plus a man of duty, and regrets
The fiercest vampiric drain I know is what doubtful hesitation begets

More Bonus Content Due Feedback.

Mutual learning among poets and our readers...

Hello, I am Pride (Contest Poem)
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As I have told you, my name is really just Pride
Last time I brought the 3rd Reich to Hell's side!

Like a vile nerve-poison I enter any human mind
Then I turn its very worst against their own kind!

I will enslave masses just like I do solitary fools
No rest, no mercy, until I dictate the only rules!

Atrocities? Oh, I gladly set the fiercest of 'em free
Mankind, despite knowing better, still serves me!

Actually in panic, as the software had undone all formatting of my PDF's and Open Office files, I went back to calm myself with some Haiku, reviving fond memories of my beloved zen-meditation. The ability to meditate, which I lost when Crohn's Disease progressed, heralding my own Death in the coming years. I gladly share them, though my free-style surely violates strict Haiku rules now and then...

Three most-recent Myku-Haiku-Attempts
Winter Recovery
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Winter Recovery –
in a world of monetary needs
the spirit of renewal.

Hasty Publishing
© Andrè M. Pietroschek, all rights reserved

Hasty Publishing
the chances slimmed to a minimum,
haters rejoicing.

New Winter Hope

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First winter hope –
even the critics
seem to want a revision.

Iteki-Freestyle Myku, ahem, I meant: GROAR!
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A beautiful woman
with passions of dark, sad origin
rose too high to reach.

My heart's dark waters
are a trial for the soul,
risky and deceptive.

Faith is a whisper
blowing strongly through my soul,
guiding my way forth.

Honor embodies
the sword of truth, loving hearts
despite of anguished darkness.

In such monastery within,
where the soul humbly dwells
true ascension can be found.

A lone fox barks
in the calm forest night,
what indomitable urge...

Easy Way's Price (Freestyle Micro Poem)
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Each false friend
puts a shadow
unto the only Light
you still have left
to find your happiness with!

Poetic Encounters
© Andrè M. Pietroschek, all rights reserved
The Dragon Queen
unleashed her curse
of ill-timed thrashing
verse by fiery verse
unto my screen
where peace had been

Inspired by National Poetry Month 2016
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Patriotism,

a scapegoat of sorts
hunted by cowards
to cover-up crimes
or merely for sports

Still holy by roots
that love of national good
arises from ashes
phoenix of the hood

Scorn the Bad& Abusive
Encourage what's Good!

American Dream -Extended Revision
© Andrè M. Pietroschek
*
We served our nation
faced all our demons
worked that old farm
Now lets get us happy
as our hearts still beat
& our blood's still warm!
*

Miyamoto Musashi (proper Haiku)

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Swordsaint Musashi,

he wrote the book of five rings:
Wisdom of killers.